GW

NO. 1 50 CENTS

MISTER COOL

WIFE SWAPPING

Lusty Fiction For Adults Only

DELICIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS

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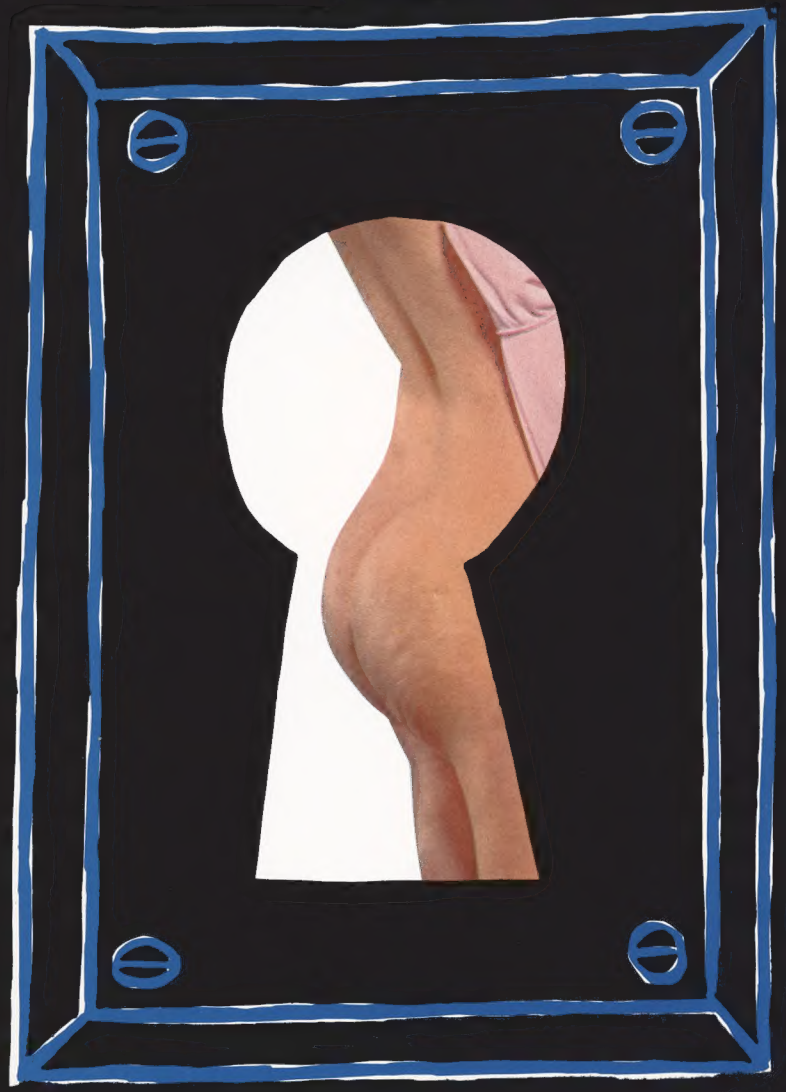

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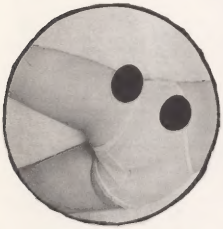

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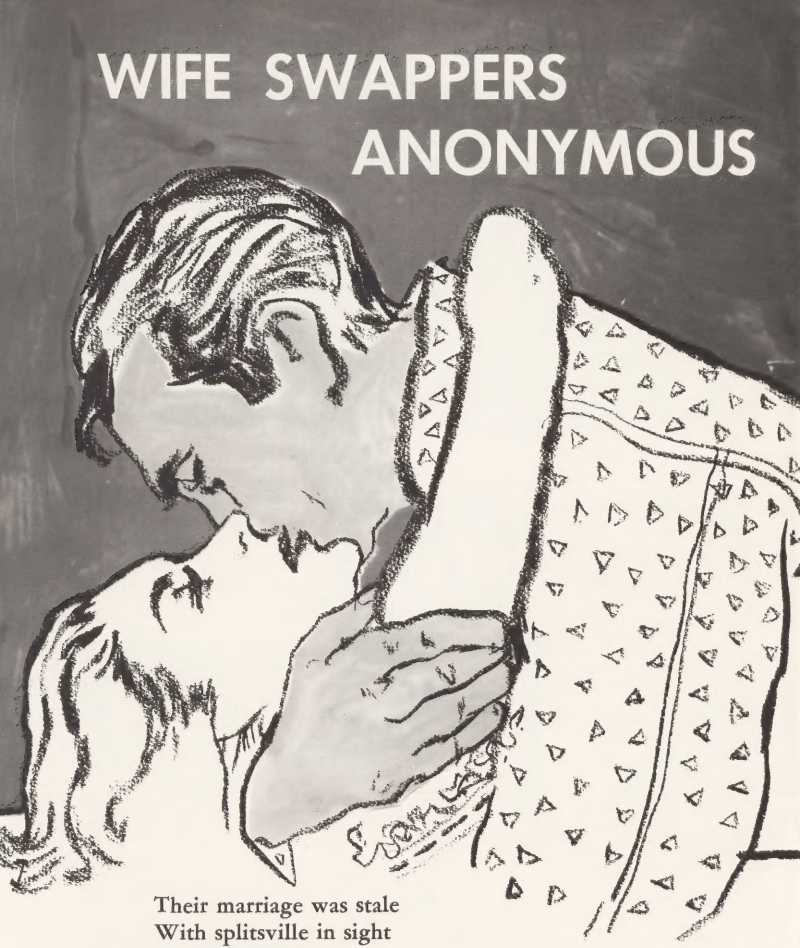
WIFE SWAPPERS ANONYMOUS



Their marriage was stale
With splitsville in sight
Until they found out
That Cheatin's all right...

LOT'S OF PEOPLE think wife-trading is bad. That's what I used to think until my wife and I tried it. It saved our marriage. The way we figure, it accomplishes the same thing as all this rigamarole of getting married and divorced and married and divorced again. Only it's a lot cheaper. Ask any poor bloke who's paying for those female charms no longer his.

You read all this stuff recommended by psychologists, telling married people to go out once a week by themselves. Well, what the hell do you suppose they do when they go out by themselves. They play they're single again, that's what. And they cheat. So why not organize it all. Do what the psychologist tell you to do, but do it sort of legally by trading wives or husbands.

My wife and I had been taking the broad-minded view a long time. One night after a stale session we both lay in bed talking it over.

"It's not that you're not the greatest lover, dear," she said. "It's just that I'm tired of eating steak all the time. You know, you can get tired of the same diet no matter how good it is unless there's variety." I was thinking the same thing even though I didn't have the nerve to mention it to her.

"Honey," I said, "out at the plant there's a bunch of guys who trade wives. They tell me all about it, but until now I did not think there was any point in letting you in on it. What do you say we join the club? They call it "The One in All and All in One Club."

"Sure you won't be jealous?" Lizabeth inquired.

"What do you mean *me*?" I asked. "Sure *you* won't be jealous. Because baby, you're going to find out how lucky you are the first time with another guy."

In the kind of sophisticated arrangement we got tangled up in, it's a good idea to keep your sense of humor.

"Well," shot back Liz, "I think it's very important for every wife to get the real low-down on how good her husband really is. The only way she can find out is to play the field."

"That works both ways," I reminded her. "Maybe you are the sweetest, grooviest, and maybe we really fit, but how will I find out if I don't try a few samples."

Well, it wasn't hard to get into the club. The guys were all anxious to find out if my wife wore falsies and it seemed each one begged me for a chance to swap with him first. The way it's done is like this:

We get together, like at lunch, and one of us will say as we sit around the table, "Who's on tonight?" We talk that way so the square guys who pretend they're faithful and all that won't understand. Then if one of us likes the guy's wife who spoke up we answer.

"Yeah, I'll play a little stud tonight." Everyone not in the know thinks it's a poker game. Well, us men make all the arrangements. Wives aren't consulted at all, but it's surprising how they quickly agree. It got so bad with Liz that I didn't dare come home some nights without a setup for her.

My first night out I dated Henry's wife. Henry was a big red-faced fellow who used to eat the biggest lunches I ever saw. His wife practically sank him every day with the contents of a huge brown bag he carried to work for his lunch. I didn't know how my wife Liz was going to like Henry, but I sure knew how I was going to like Henry's wife.

We met kind of casual at a movie, Liz and I and Henry and his wife. After the movie, the plan was for me to take Henry's wife to my house and Henry to take my wife to his. In the morning we would drive our dates to their right homes and start the new day fresh after a night of new fresh experience. Maybe it sounds kind of unnatural, but after you've tried it a few times, seems like the most civilized thing in the world.

I got Henry's wife to my home after kissing my wife good night as she sat with Henry curled up under his big arm in his car. "I'll be home in the morning," she called cheerily. Henry's wife was petite and red-headed. She was shy.

"I don't really like this," she said. "But I'll do it to make Henry happy. Seems I can't, well, make him happy in the usual marital relationship. He said for me to get wider experience. Tha't why I'm in the club with him. No matter how many time I go out I'm always embarrassed the first night. It's, well, how shall I say it, it's like getting married all over again each time. It's kind of scary and thrilling. Like losing your virginity many times." She spoke and was trembling. That was a switch. Liz was like the rock of Gibralter. She never trembled. Not from excitement, that is. Or fear.

"I won't hurt you," I remember saying. "Does Henry hurt you?"

"Oh, yes," she said softly, returning my kissing now with warmth. "He seems to get his kicks making me squeal. I do it on purpose. Just lie there and pretend he's just too much for me."

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BB

Betty Brown is known to her friends as BB. This is not in imitation of that other well-known BB who lives in France and whose undraped torso is familiar to all movie goers. Our Betty has every bit as much charm as that other BB, and we have the pictures to prove it. A trace of Apache blood (she's descended from a tribal princess) gives Betty that jet black hair. It also sends her on the warpath easily. So, boys, don't break any treaties with her when you are out on a date. Betty is just old enough to drink fire-water.

Provocative Betty Brown. Her chiffon crown may have slipped a little, but Betty has legitimate claim to royalty. Note regal pose and queenly cast of form. She rules by charm alone. What more does she need to keep her subjects happy and contented?

Betty can turn her back on you and still look you straight in the eye.

Absent-minded Betty frequently gets into shower without completely disrobing. When this happens, it's likely to find her caught with her slip down like this.

Here's an exclusive feature of Mister Cool's: Suitable for framing to be hung in your bedroom or den. To not damage, we suggest you take staples out of magazine, then trim. You'll find two more at back of magazine . . . of course, if you want all four, you'll have to buy two mags . . . sneaky eh?

Although not all of Betty's body is visible here, she's still getting that full-bodied flavor from cigarette she's smoking.

ALLEY DATE

IT all started because Jim and I and our wives liked to bowl. That's when I first really got the message in that cutely contoured little backside of Jim's wife—when she let the ball fly down the alley and came around to that fabric-stretching stop. "Good form, Alice," I used to yell and could tell right off that she knew which form I meant. Then she began letting me hold her bottle of beer for her when it came her turn to pick up the ball. I figured she was getting pretty friendly when she told me to take a drink and then took one herself. Well, that's the way it started.

I don't think my wife, Mabel, had any idea I was falling for Alice, and I'm sure Jim, my best friend, didn't either. But Alice and I didn't have any doubt about it. I began to make it real clear to her pretty quick when I conned Jim and Mable into switching partners at the alley. That is, Jim and my wife Mabel bowled as one team, and I and Alice as another. I worked this all out so I could sort of get a little more public privacy with Alice.

One night after about 15 beers I half kiddingly said to Jim. "You take your partner home, and I'll take mine." We all laughed, and I was real surprised when Jim didn't seem to mind at all. Well, I thought, he's welcome to Mabel. Mabel was a good kid, but she didn't fill out her backside the way Alice did and she never was a sweater girl. Besides, I knew Mabel—good, dull little Mabel who always just sort of put up with me in the bedroom anyway.

"You're just like a kitten who's caught his first mouse," was about the only thing she ever said when I got excited and started pawing her. It was OK the first time, but after a couple of years I got to be a pretty cold cat with a pretty dead mouse—Mabel.

Mable, I could trust, I knew. That dame didn't have any fire in her boiler and good old Jim would sooner die than touch any part of his best friend's wife. Well, that first night I cut out of that alley and took Alice down a side street and up over the hill in jig time, radio blaring and all the horses in my souped up engine jumpin'.

"Do you mind if I take the long way home?" I asked, confident that Alice was feeling the same little prickly heat waves in the palm of her hands and down along the thighs of her legs that I was feeling.

"Hell, no," Alice said laughing. "We're both married, aren't we?"

"Honey," I said, "you know something? I always wanted to kiss you."

"I know," Alice said. Then she did a funny thing. She came over at me and sort of got down low and slid into a perfect kissing position in front of the steering wheel. She got her mouth on mine without blocking my vision because I was still driving. She locked her tongue behind my front teeth and wiggled it and just wouldn't quit. Our months stayed locked as I pulled the car over behind some trees along the road and I slid her shoulder straps right down without so much as a whimper of protest from her.

She really knew how to navigate in a car—and fast, too.

"It's been a long time since I tried anything like this in a car," I managed to gasp.

"Honey," she whispered, "we could make it in a phone booth." I looked down at her in the moonlight, her full lips parted, her breasts heaving, that look of relaxed, blissful, yielding sin on her flushed cheeks.

"I haven't had it so good in a long time," she said softly. That was the same thing I was thinking. I was thinking of Mabel's small endowments—Mabel, the small dead mouse.

Well, I got home pretty quick, all right. Like I

said, Alice was fast. Mabel didn't suspect anything. She was in the bedroom, sitting in front of her dresser, combing her hair. She was smoking a cigarette and humming. That was pretty odd behavior for Mabel. In the first place she didn't smoke and in the second place she never combed her hair at night. Just tossed off her clothes and flopped into bed.

I was feeling a little too guilty and breathless to talk much but I managed to ask her how come the cigarette.

"Jim gave it to me," she said, a puzzling indifference in her tone like she didn't give a damn about my question or the answer she was giving. I got into bed hoping she wouldn't kick over the traces and turn the tables on me by wanting a little loving. Mabel never wanted a little loving, but that casual cigarette in her mouth made me wonder about tonight. Mabel was OK, though, she went right to sleep and so did I.

That was the first night. That was the start, from the bowling alley to the back alley—each time Jim taking my wife home and I taking Alice home, and always the long way around. And, as time went by, I began to take longer and longer getting home myself and dropping Alice off. Alice and I used to talk about it, about Jim's not being suspicious and Mabel's not asking me where I was or what took me so long dropping Alice off.

"Funny thing," said Alice one night as we lay on a blanket in the grass, "Jim doesn't hardly touch me any more. He used to be after me every night. I'm glad. I just can't stand his hands being on—well, where yours are now, for instance."

"I know," I said. "When I make love to Mabel, and I only do it so that she won't think there's anything wrong, you understand, I have to imagine it's you. You know, cover her face and think it's my Alice—only it's really Jim's Alice, darn it.'

Suddenly Alice sprang to her feet.

"Tony," she said, "let's not do it tonight. Instead, let's each of us go home and ask for a divorce. Then we can get married."

"Baby," I said, "you're reading my mind. But let's not skip it tonight. If you only knew how I wait all week for our big bowling night date!" I seized her by the hand. I was lying on the blanket and she was standing beside me. I had never seen her from this viewpoint—a worm's eye view, you might say. Her breasts thrust out and almost shut out the moonlight —and they were as big as the ones you see in all those girly magazines. There was just the slightest swelling in abdomen, a rounded, pleasant love cushion to ease my body and cradle it for my passionate activity. Her skin glistened in the moonglow and her hair trailed far down her white shoulders.

"I have to have you," I choked, "tonight and always."

"Tonight and always," she sighed urgently, sinking down lengthwise on my ready body. Our love, triggered by our new high resolve, reached a swift culmination and weary but happy we dressed and drove off.

"I will go to your home with you and tell Jim straight from the shoulder. You won't have to tell him alone," I said. She squeezed my hand understandingly.

"Afterward, I'll go with you to tell Mabel," she volunteered.

When we got to Alice's place, the lights were out.

"That's funny," said Alice, "Jim is always home. Good old, dull Jim. Where in the hell do you suppose he is. He always drops Mabel off and comes right home. Always beats me. In fact, he's usually snoring when I get home. A good thing." We searched the house. No sign of Jim.

"Well," I said, "let's go to my house. I'll pop the question to Mabel. You know, ask her right out for a divorce." Alice said OK. When we pulled up in front of my place the lights were out.

"That's funny," I said, "Alice must be out too. But her car's in the garage. And look, isn't that Jim's car parked out front?" It was.

"Do you suppose . . .?" I asked wide-eyed Alice, a knowing suspicion overtaking us both at the same time. Was it possible that mousey Mabel and dull Jim were duplicating our illicit love pattern? Were having their own affair all the while we were having ours?

"Let's catch the dirty bastards in the act," snorted Alice.

"Wait," I cautioned. "Let's sneak up and turn the lights on in the bedroom. Then we'll pretend outrage and threaten to shoot. They'll be so scared they'll consent to divorces, and we'll have it locked up."

"Darling," cried Alice, "you're brilliant."

Well, we cought 'em in the act all right. Didn't turn the lights on right away, but just stood under the bedroom window and listened. Sounded like a bull in agony and a cow giving birth to a calf.

"I never knew mousey Mabel to squeal so loud before," I whispered in amazement. I wondered if there were a few keys I had missed when playing on Mabel's charms. Alice must have been wondering the same thing about her dull Jim. He was what you might call a talker. The stream of endearing terms spiced with earthy words that poured from his lust ridden mouth almost made Alice and myself passionate all over again. We might have stopped right there and then to make love ourselves if we hadn't been moved by our urgent purpose.

Finally, I unlocked the door and mercilessly sprayed the sweating couple with a flashlight beam.

"Jim," I said, trying hard not to laugh, "what does this mean? You are destroying my home."

Well, there's no one more naked and defenseless than a guy who is naked and caught in the act and I had things pretty much my own way. Mabel refuge in freshets of tears and Alice had to retire to the bathroom to keep her sides from splitting with the humor of it all.

As an upshot of it all, we got our divorces without a whimper. Now, I'm going to marry Alice, and Jim is going to marry Mabel. There's only one complicating factor.

Both Mabel and Alice are a little bit pregnant and Jim and I are now trying to figure out a way to switch babies legally.

The Short, Happy Life of a Beatnic

(1) OUT OF PAD EARLY. DON'T THINK THAT CHICK CAN'T SNORE, MAN. SHE BLOWS THE UTMOST ADENOID.

(2) TRIED TO GET OTHER SHIRT OUT OF CHINESE LAUNDRY . . . SAYS LIKE "I'M A LITTLE STINKER" ON THE FRONT . . . REAL WEIRD . . . BUT THIS CAT WANTED MORE BREAD, MAN.

(3) DUG THIS STRANGE CHICK, MAN. JUST IN FROM SAVANNAH. NAME OF MAGNOLIA MAY CORNPONE. ALL THAT SOUTHERN JAZZ.

(4) SHE BROUGHT A SISTER. SCARLET CORNPONE. ON THE SHORT SIDE, MAN, BUT STRICTLY FROM CRAZY.

(5) SCARLET HAD EYES FOR ME, MAN, BUT THAT SISTER WAS A DRAG. SLIPPED SOME PEYOTE IN HER PINK LEMONADE. WENT REAL APE.

(6) WE CUT OUT TO MAKE THE COFFEE HOUSE SCENE. DUG SOME ESPRESSO AT A SIDEWALK CAFE. TOO MUCH, MAN.

(7) THE PAD WAS SWINGING. ALL THE HEAD'S WERE LIT UP AND GETTING THEIR COOL KICKS, MAN. LIKE WE DIG IT ALL.

(8) WE DIG LITTLE THEATRE, MAN.

(9) WE DIG POETRY READINGS, MAN. LIKE GINSBURG IS TOO FAR OUT.

—CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

(10) WE DIG JAZZ. MILES UMNITZ IS JUST THE END.

(11) SO THE JUICE MAN MAKES IT WITH A JUG, MAN. THE SCENE GETS VERY COOL.

(12) WE KEEP JUGGING.

(13) MAN, EVERYBODY KEEPS JUGGING.

(14) . . . W-WHAT WAS IN THA J-JUG,MAN?
STERNO?

LIZ NAYLOR

Liz Naylor

Liz Naylor doesn't believe in calling a spade a spade. "Keeping such things as your birthday and your measurements secret gives you a protective club in this poker game called life," she observes sagely. We're not asking this brunet lovely for the details, we're just showing them to you. You do your own tape-measuring.

Many of the best students of art maintain that the girl who conceals a little is more appealing than the girl who reveals all. Liz believes this and proves her point by covering up with black panties.

An expert at assuming any desired position, Liz demonstrates modeling technique for shots that catch her in neither horizontal nor vertical attitudes. Liz' lines are clean and pleasantly cluttered.

Studio couch provides Liz with perfect prop for life-study photos. Even in horizontal position, Liz' charms still tower above those of other girls.

.

Liz certainly isn't as cold as a statue, but lots of fellows would like her on their own personal pedestals. Clean, sculptured lines give cool, classic sweep to Liz' chassis.

JUNE WILKINSON

JUNE WILKINSON — this bouncing bundle of charms is now in the U.S. on lend-lease from England. She said it was her patriotic duty to prove to Americans that not all British girls are flat-chested. June comes bustin' out all over with 43 gleeful inches. Other well-stacked dimensions taper along a juicy 21-inch waist and a 36-inch hip line. June is already well-launched in show biz, getting her start as a dancer in the world famous Windmill Theater in London. She's been blowin' up a sex storm ever since. As Mr. Cool viewers will observe, June just loves to bare herself to the great outdoors and would rather have a good sun on her torso than almost anything else. When she's not taking Old Sol's best licks, she's cooling off in divy musician joints helping herself to jam sessions. She digs jazz. We dig June.

England's Bouncing Bundle to the U.S.

June's legs are rated U.S. Choice. But she forgives fellows who don't notice them right away.

A lovely two-point landing beside the pool.

Getting dressed, June starts from the ground and works her way up, leaving her biggest jobs for last.

With or without her clothes, June is a sucker for a swimming pool. Besides, who can wear a wet dress better?

The Care and Cure of Hangover

By U.A.W. MADURO

The Spaniards have a name for it — *clavo* — which merely means "nail" as in "nail in the head". Or in other words, amigo, you have a hangover. And if it's any consolation, you're not alone in your misery. The hangovers, the exorbitant price of a night's revelry, is one of mankind's oldest maladies. Practically since the day of Creation, busy inbibers have been jugging up on some potent potables and ending the celebration with the quivers and quakes so familiar to experienced elbow benders. Chapter 23 of Proverbs makes of the ancient agonies: "*Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? . . . who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine*". Possibly the oldest known description of that uniquely human ailment is found in *Ayurveda*, an ancient medical system practiced in India. The dire symptoms included: "vomiting, loss of appetite, heartburn, lassitude, continued thirst, tremors of head and limbs, palpitation, weakness of joints, respiratory difficulties, sleeplessness, giddiness . . .", a remarkable accurate analysis of the hangover complied more than 2500 years ago. But anyone who has ever overestimated the capacity for alcoholic beverages is well aware of *what* a hangover is — the *why* of the aches, pain, and deep gloom requires an explanation.

A HANGOVER?

Alcohol is basically a food. Like those of fat, sugar, and starch, the ethyl alcohol molecule, C_2H_5OH, is burned by the body and turned into both heat and energy. One disadvantage of alcohol as a food is its lack of true food value. All distilled liquors are without minerals, proteins, or vitamins while beer and wine do have some nuitritional value. Alcohol differs from most other foods in that it needs no digestion and undergoes no chemical change in the stomach. When you toss one down the hatch, the alcohol passes through the stomach walls and enters the blood.

Once the booze is in the blood, the body immediately begins the process of elimination. A small part of the total — less than 5% — is eliminated as liquid, slightly more — 10% — is disposed of through the respiratory system, and the largest amount — usually 80 to 90% — is oxidized or burned up by the body.

Most important in this process is the liver, a intricate piece of human machinery that cannot be hurried. The liver of an average male intent on hoisting a few will burn less than one jigger of hard stuff in an hour. The fast intake and slow disposal of alcohol, then, are what brings about the exhileration of intoxication and later, the pangs of a hangover.

BOURBON, BEER, OR BRANDY?

During the course of extensive research on the subject of what sauce is easiest on the system, scientists and serious drinkers have come up with theories to spare. One school maintains that it isn't what you drink — after all, it's all alcohol — but rather how much you drink and how fast you pour it down On the other side of the bar — or the laboratory — is an equally devoted faction that claims certain alcoholic beverages are kinder to the head and stomach on the morning after the big night before. Whiskey, whether it be a mellow 8-year-old or green moonshine fresh from the still. is loaded with numerous ingredients including fusel oil which is responsible for the raw taste of unaged whiskey. These by-products of fermentation and distillation, called congeners, are what add the distinctive flavor and bouquet to various liquors. The Yale Center of Alcohol Studies has also discovered that some congeners have a tendency to slow down the oxidation process thereby prolonging the period of intoxication.Whiskey is the worst offender among the liquors loaded with impurities. Between 100 and 200 by-products are floating around in a fifth of bourbon. Blended Whiskey actually contains fewer congeners than the straight stuff since the higher the proof at which a liquor is distilled, the fewer impurities it contains. A blend has some straight whiskey distilled at 135 proof plus distilled spirits of 190 proof. So, be that yardstick, blends are easier on the skull come the morning after. Gin has fewer congeners and oxidizes faster than whiskey. Vodka, too, is relatively free from unwanted ingredients.

Brandy is considered by some connoisseurs to be as harmless a quaff as milk and honey. Beer also has many staunch admirers who claim there isn't a headache in a vat of the stuff. Needless to say, that optomistic view is not universally shared. It takes the imbiber of the brew longer to attain the same degree of euphoria as the whisky drinker. Beer is absorbed into the blood somewhat slower since it contains an amount of carbohydrate that retards the process of absorption. And since it took the beer drinker a little longer to get there, the alcohol remains in his system longer and

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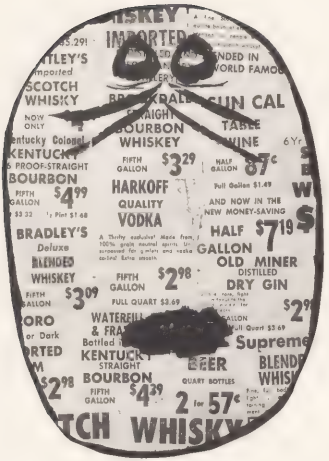

the period of recovery from the morning miseries is extended.

Mention tequila to the average *norteamericano* and you're in for trouble! First, the inevitable double take — the "Are you kiddin', Mac?" bit, then the shivers and shudders and if you're *really* unlucky, there'll be the long, sad story of those wild, wild women, that crazy night in Tia Juana, and the soulshattering hangover that followed. Public opinion to the contrary, tequila is *not* first cousin to corn likker. The poor misguided *turistas* who share that opinion have, in all probability, never tasted the delightful elixers that is true tequila (*Cuervo* and *Sauza* are the two leading brands). Those who remember tequila unkindly were fed something else — aguardiente, mescal, or cane alcohol doctored up to resemble the real thing. Any tequila drinker worth his salt and lemon knows that the "Mexican national apéritif" will produce very little in the way of a hangover.

Since pure 190 proof alcohol contains no congeners, oils or flavoring to speak of, it is a favorite of certain hardy souls who cut the proof to a drinkable And since ethyl alcohol is as pure as alcohol can be, level with distilled water, orange juice, or you-name-it. the body burns it up a little faster. It may help the cause.

PREVENTING A HANGOVER

Medical authorities differ widely on preventative measures. On one point, however, they are in complete accord. Before you drink, eat a hearty meal A thick steak, a salad dressed with oil, and plently of milk are all items that will fortify the system against a night's hard guzzling. There are numerous "cures" advocated by self-styled experts but for each cure there's a critic. For what they may be worth, here are some of the more popular.

(1) Some doctors think that drinking several glasses of water before retiring will help restore the vital fluids to the brain's blood vessels. Dr. Leon A Greenburg of the Yale Center disagrees and further points out that the extra intake of water will not stay in the cells until the chemical balance of the body is returned to normal. When that happens, happily, your hangover is gone.

(2) A popular medication before hitting the sack is aspirin. Whether or not it's actually a cure for a hangover-on-the-way is doubtful but in many cases it's the all-important psychological effect. If you *think* aspirin will save you, it might!

(3) Drinking a tall glass of milk at the close of the night's wining and dining is considered to have a therapuetic effect. It may help sooth the long-suffering stomach as well as providing nourishment.

CURING THE HANGOVER

The man with a hangover has been characterized by socio-medical authorities as the "half man", a description that leans toward the generous. Since the hangover individual is not at his best in matters of personal fufillment — on or off the job — this problem has become one of the deeper concerns of industry. "*It is the hangover that represents the biggest loss to industry*," says one industrial relations expert. Are there any rugged individuals who don't have adverse effects from the misuse of alcohol? Definately not, claims Ralph M. Henderson of the Yale Center."*If they say that hanging one on every night, even a light one, doesn't affect their work, they are fooling themselves. They never feel their best. They may have forgotten what their best feels like. But they never measure up to their true capacity in any way*," states Henderson.

Many of the so-called hangover cures are approximately as effective as putting brown paper and vinegar on bruises. Some remedies of the ancients are listed by Pliny the Elder in *Naturalis Histories* "*The eggs of an owlet, administered to drunkards three days in wine . . . a sheep's light's roasted, eaten before drinking . . . the ashes of a swallow's beak, bruised with myrrh and sprinkled with wine.*"

(1) Our most popular pick-me-ups are not quite as drastic as those advocated by Pliny. Black coffee, copius draughts of ice water, tomato juice laced with hot sauce or Worcestershire, are all favored by the members of the oh-my-head set. One New York restaurateur famed for his alcohol intake claims that Coco Cola is the finest cure available to repair the ravages of the night before. Other choices are chilled clam or sauerkraut juice.

(2) To help reduce the throbbing headache that usually accompanies a hangover, many victims simply rely on various aspirin products, either in tablet or in an effervescent form such as Alka-Seltzer. Despite much hard sell advertising, the effervescents are remarkably alike. One of the highly touted fizzes contains such

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Mabel Rae

There's always a couple of rays of hope around when you're with Mabel Rae, boys. Mabel developed and filled out her delectable form on equally delectable southern fried chicken. She hails from North Carolina. Statistic-wise she lays claim to a 39-inch bust, 22-waist and 34-hips. What Mabel does indoors is her own business but outdoors she loves to mount a horse and gallop over the countryside. Naturally, being from the South, Mabel digs that sunshine and prizes her tan almost as much as her other notable assets.

Hangover

"miracle ingredients" as aspirin, sodium bicarbonate, sodlum carbonate, and citric acid. Your doctor may prescribe amphetamine (better known as Benzadrine), tranquilizers, or possibly a mild sedative to help you gain much needed sleep. A manufacturer of a small portable oxygen tank and mask designed for heart attack victims and emergency resuscitation also, suggests that additional doses of oxygen will benefit the cobwebs.

(3) Another entry in the search for a sure cure is a hot liquid, preferably something soothing, to "wake up the stomach". Perhaps the best known of these life-savers is Onion Soup. Naturally, such preparations should be made well in advance of the need.

(5) There are thousands of sturdy spirits who will invariably start off a bad morning with an ice cold shower, followed by strenuous activity in the open air —a brisk walk, chopping wood, building the pyramids. This system is guaranteed to keep you awake and is beneficial in another way—it takes the patient's mind off his myriad aches and pains.

(6) The quickest cure for the headache, the jangled nerves, the stray butterflies in the stomach, is the much maligned hair-of-the-dog — a little jolt of something alcoholic. While the Sunday supplements, wives, mothers-in-law, and other wet blankets insist that taking a small snort in behalf of a hangover is akin to packing your bundle and moving down to Skid Row with the rest of the winos, it's only prudish propaganda. Actually, a short one or a tall one will alleviate most of the symptoms of a hangover and importantly, will help dispel the deep depression and sense of doom that characterizes a real skull-buster. A cold bottle of beer will turn the trick in many cases but stubborn symptoms may require stronger measures.

BLOODY MARY

Jigger of vodka, 3 oz. tomato juice, ½ oz. fresh lemon juice, 4 drops Worcestershire, dash salt, dash pepper. Shake well with cracked ice. Peace!

SCREWDRIVER

Pour 1 jigger of vodka over 2 or 3 ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with fresh orange juice and stir. The

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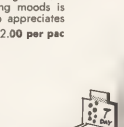

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vitamins in the orange juice won't hurt a thing. And remember — suspicious wives or secretaries will never guess—thanks to breathless vodka.

Although fame and fortune await the discoverer of the long-sought elixer that will banish hangover horrors forever, little progress has been made in this direction. The problem of a hangover involves alcohol, a powerful depressant, and its effect on the heart, blood vessels, nervous system, and brain. Only the liver can convert alcohol into burnable products and nothing—exercise, steam baths, massage, vitamins, fresh air, pills, potions, or juices—will speed up the liver's pace. Time, then, is the best curative. When the last traces of C_2H_5OH are gone, so is the hangover.

The most practical advice to the faint of heart who have neither the strength nor the curiosity to experiment with sure cures is—sleep! A good night's rest will help repair the damages wrought by the Good Time Charlie routine. The effects of excess—too much drinking, smoking, indiscriminate eating, excitement —even too much female companionship —can make a mess of the most perfect physical specimen. And after the slumber, a couple of aspirins, a warm bath, a cup of steaming hot coffee. and a substantial breakfast. Easy, though, on the hush puppies or any greasy, hard-to-digest foods. Unless you attempt to swim the English Channel or climb Everest, the possibility of survival is excellent.

Speaking of hangover cures, the last word belongs to a spokesman for the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies. "The panacea for hangover will be at hand when people learn to drink sensibly. It won't come in the form of a pill. It will come in the form of intelligence."

ONION SOUP

2 or 3 red onions, thinly sliced
6 cups beef bouillon
Dash Worcestershire sauce
Dash Tabasco sauce
2 Tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
Salt
Freshly ground black pepper

Saute onions in butter or salad oil until transparent. Add bouillon and seasoning. Cover and simmer 1½ hours. Just before serving, add 2 tablespoons Sherry and sprinkle with cheese. Heat slowly until cheese melts. Serve piping hot. Excelsior!

Many Mexican-Americans prefer to chase away the horrors with another variety of heat. A popular waker-upper in some circles is *Menudo, a* fiery soup made with tripe, hominy, and onions in a tomato base, heavily laced with oregano and assorted spices. The owners of the cast iron stomachs are much addicted to hot peppers — from *chili pequin,* tiny and biting hot, to the large and powerful *Jalapeños.* Good for what ails you, or so say the satisfied users. Perhaps, but proceed with caution! At thine own risk!

WIFE SWAPPING

This is another interesting clinical aspect of this whole switching business. You find out the damndest things about the guys you work with and practically live with. You'd never dream of the things some guys do to their wives! It's a liberal education and sure makes a fellow realize that guys are plenty complicated in the boudoir.

I think I helped Henry's wife solve some of her problems that night. Leastwise, she said she felt better about the whole approach. She told me I was the greatest.

"Go on," I said, "I bet you tell that to all the husbands."

"Am I better than Liz, your wife," she asked, a bit of the cat coming out. That's another thing I found out. Guys can do this sort of thing without really being sneaky about it and trying to find out all the details of the other men. But not the wives. They all pry around and try to find out about this and that.

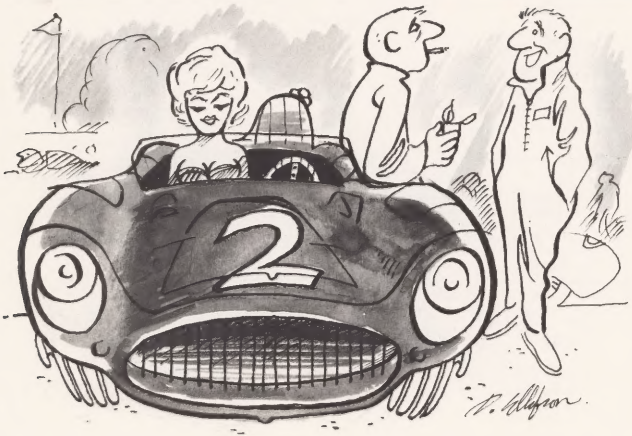
Well, after a sound night's sleep which was disturbed only once with an ardent embrace, the dawn broke and it was time to take our places in the humdrum world again. Henry drove Liz up and Henry's little red haired wife got into his car. We all kissed warmly and with real affection although I confess, I didn't know if I was kissing hello or goodbye. It gets kind of confusing like that.

And there are other ways it gets confusing too. For several days Liz had a habit of calling me Henry and I kept calling Liz "Red" for Henry's little strawberry blonde wife. But, surprisingly enough, neither one of us got jealous.

Well, after a few swap sessions, Liz suddenly developed a new appreciation of me. And, to tell the truth, I did of Liz too.

"Honey," she whispered, "you are so different now. It's almost like you're a stranger. I love it that way."

That's the way I felt about Liz too. We're happily married strangers and look forward to many years of wedded bliss together as long as we hold membership in the All in One and One in All Club.



...BET SHE REALLY GOES, EH?"

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